

The history

O the diuill take such coofoners, god forgiue me,
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We wil stay your leifure.

Hot. I haue done I faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottifh prifoners,
Deliuier them vp without their ranfome ftraight,
And make the Douglas fonne your only meane
For Powers in Scotland, which for diuers reafons
Which I fhall fend you written, be afiur'd
Wil eafely be granted you my Lord.
Your fonne in Scotland being thus employed,
Shal fecretly into the bofome creepe
Of that fame noble prelat welbelou'd,
The Archbifhop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is it not?

Wor. True, who beares hard
His brothers death at Briſtow the lord Scroop,
I fpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and fet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhal bring it on.

Hot. I ſmell it, Vpon my life it will do well.

Nor. Before the game is afoote thou ſtill letſt ſlip.

Hot. Why, it cannot chuſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke,
To ioine with Mortimer, ha.

Wor. And ſo they ſhall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aimed.

Wor. And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads by raiſing of a head,
For beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The king will alwaies thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already how he doth begin
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot.

of Henry the f

Hot. He does, he does, wee be n

Worſt. Croſen farewell. No further

Then I by letters ſhall direct your c

When time is ripe, which will be ſu

He ſteale to Glendower, and Lo: M

Where you and Douglas, and our p

As I will faſhion it ſhall happily m

To beare our fortunes in our own f

Which now we hold at much vnce

Nor. Farewell good brother, we f

Hot. Vncle adieu: O let the hour

Till fields, and blowes, and grones.

Enter a Carrier with a lant

1 Car. Heigh ho. An it be not fo

Charles waine is ouer the new Ch

packt. What Oſtler.

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1 Car. I preethe Tom beat Cut

the point, poore iade is wroong in t

Enter another Car

2 Car. Peaſe and beanes are as

is the next way to giue poore iades

vpſide downe ſince Robin Oſtler d

1 Car. Poore fellow neuer ioied

it was the death of him.

2 Car. I thinke this be the moſt v

road for fleas, I am ſtung like a Ten

1 Car. Like a Tench, by the Ma

ſten could be better bit then I haue

2 Car. Why they will allowe vs

leake in your chimney, and your ch

a loach.

1 Car. What Oſtler, come away

2 Car. I haue a gammon of ba

ger, to be deliuered as far as Charin

1 Car. Gods bodie, the Turkie

ued: what Oſtler? a plague on the

head? canſt not heare, and twere n